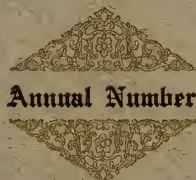


The Black and Gold

WINSTON-SALEM
CITY HIGH SCHOOL



Annual Number

JUNE :: :: 1919

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L. Lea White
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The Black and Gold

Published by the Senior Class of the
Winston-Salem City High School

VOL. IX

JUNE, 1919

No. 5

TO

MR. L. LEA WHITE

IN APPRECIATION OF

FAITHFUL AND EFFICIENT SERVICE

AS PRINCIPAL OF OUR HIGH SCHOOL

WE DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF

THE BLACK AND GOLD



NELLIE SHARPE

"Sunshine"

*"In youth and beauty wisdom is
but rare."*

Vice-President of Class, Assistant Editor-in-Chief of the Black and Gold, Captain in the Victory Girl Campaign, Member of the Charles D. McIver Literary Society, the War Savings Society, and the High School Choir.

LEAH WILLIS

"Lazy" "Lear"

*"The girl who wins is the girl
who works,
The girl who toils while the next
one shirks."*

Associate Editor of the Black and Gold, Class Statistician, Member of the War Savings Society, Victory Girls, the Rooters' Club.





EUNICE GRUBBS

"Ulysees"

*"A rosebud set with little wilful
thorns."*

A Victory Girl, a Member of the High School Choir, the War Savings Society, the Rooters' Club, the Charles D. McIver Literary Society.

MARY COOK

"Cooky"

*"The virtuous Marcia towers
above her sex."*

Member of the Rooters' Club, the War Savings Society, a Victory Girl.





KATHERINE MONTGOMERY

"Tac" "Kat"

*"She's ay sae neat, sae trim, sae
tight,
All grace does round her hover."*

A Victory Girl, a Member of the
War Savings Society, the High
School Choir, the Rooters' Club.

DOROTHY CLARK

"Dot"

*"The fairiest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest
books."*

President of the Charles D. Mc-
Iver Literary Society, Class
Statistician, a Victory Girl, a
Member of the War Savings
Society, the Rooters' Club, the
Athletic Association.





ELIZABETH REED

"Liz"

*"Her modest looks the cottage
might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps be-
neath the thorn."*

President of the Rooters' Club,
Pianist in Orchestra, a Member
of the War Savings Society, the
Athletic Association, the Charles
D. McIver Literary Society, a
Victory Girl.

ERMA MOORE

"Smiles"

*"She moves a goddess, and she
looks a queen."*

President of the War Savings
Society, Fun-maker for the Black
and Gold, a Victory Girl, a
Member of the High School
Choir, the Rooters' Club, the
Charles D. McIver Literary
Society.





MAVIS BURCHETTE

"Dimples"

*"Hang sorrow: Care will kill a
cat—
And therefore let's be merry."*

A Member of the High School Choir, the War Savings Society, the Charles D. McIver Literary Society, the Rooters' Club, a Victory Girl.

MOSELLE CULLER

"Silas"

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."*

A Victory Girl, a Member of the Charles D. McIver Literary Society, the War Savings Society, the Rooters' Club.





MILDRED BECK

"Bick"

*"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to
act,
And make her generous thought
a fact."*

Member of the War-Savings Society; Member of the Victory Girls' Club; Member of the Rooters' Club.

NELL CLINGMAN

"Little Nell"

*"Brows saintly, calm and lips
devout,
Knew every change of scowl
and pout."*

Secretary of War-Savings Society, Captain Victory Girls' Club, Member of Rooters' Club, Member of Choir, Class Prophet, Associate Editor of The Black and Gold.





EDITH HOWARD

"Pete"

*"A peace above all earthly
dignities;
A still and quiet conscience."*

Member of War-Savings So-
ciety; Member of Victory Girls'
Club.

WYNONA HILTON

"W'y Don't You?"

*"And still to her charms she
alone is a stranger!
Her modest demeanor's the
jewel of all."*

Member of War Savings So-
ciety, Member of Victory Girls'
Club, Member of Choir.





MAY MILLER

"Pete"

*"Her looks were like a flower in
May,
Her smile was like a summer
morn."*

Member of War-Savings So-
ciety; Member of Choir.

LILLIAN NEEDHAM

"Idge" "Lil"

*".....Lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or
strife."*

Member of War Savings Society,
Member of Victory Girls' Club,
Member of Rooters' Club, Mem-
ber of Choir.





ISHNEE RODIEGER

"Dimples"

*"A voice surpassing far Am-
phion's lyre."*

Member of War Savings Society,
Member of Victory Girls' Club,
Member of Choir.

RUBY SAPP

"Rubbie"

*"Her cheeks are like the blushing
cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face."*

Member of War Savings Society,
Member of Victory Girls' Club,
Members of Rooters' Club, Class
Statistician, Associate Editor of
Black and Gold, Member of
Charles D. McIver Literary
Society.





VIOLA STILL

"Jack"

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

Secretary of Class; Member of Choir, Member of War Savings Society, Member of Victory Girls' Club, Member of Charles D. McIver Literary Society.

LILLIAN WALL

"Lil."

*"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."*

Class Historian, Member of War Savings Society, Member of Victory Girls' Club, Member of Rooters' Club, Member of Choir, Member of Charles D. McIver Literary Society.





BERNICE WHITE

*"Pig"**"A little, upright, pert, tart,
tripping wight."*

Member of War Savings Society,
Member of Victory Girls' Club,
Member of Rooters' Club, Mem-
ber of Choir, Member of Charles
D. McIver Literary Society.

PAULINE MABEL WEISNER

*"Polly"**"Not stepping over the bounds of
modesty."*

Member of the Charles D. Mc-
Iver Literary Society, Rooters'
Club, War Savings Society.





MATTIE BELLE MOSER

"Moses"

*"Happy and from care I am free,
Why aren't they all contented
like me?"*

Member of the Choir, Charles D.
McIver Literary Society, War
Savings Society, Victory Girls'
Club.

THELMA MAY PLEASANTS

"Jack"

*"She doeth little kindnesses which
others leave undone."*

Member of the Choir, Charles D.
McIver Literary Society, War
Savings Society, Victory Girls'
Club.





LUCILE PERRY

"Pete"

*"Begone, dull care, I prithere
 Begone dull care from me
 Thou and I shall never agree."*

Member of the Rooters' Club,
 Athletic Association, War Sav-
 ings Society, Choir, Class Fun-
 Maker.

RUTH LOUISE HOCHINS

"Ig"

*"Hair-brained sentimental trace
 Was strongly marked in her
 face."*

Member of the Rooters' Club,
 Choir, War Savings Society, Vic-
 tory Girls' Club, Class Prophet,
 Associate Editor of the Black and
 Gold.





GLADYS PFAFF

"Polly"

*"Had tongue at will and yet
was never loud."*

Member of the Victory Girls
Club, War Savings Society.

MALONA JEWEL JORDAN

"Piggy"

*"It's the little things in this world
that count."*

Member of the Charles D. Mc-
Iver Literary Society, Victory
Girls' Club, War Savings Society.





ALVA LEIGH GOSWICK

"Mug"

"So buxom, blithe and debonair."

Press Reporter for Charles D. McIver Literary Society, Class Poet, Junior Four-Minute Speaker for High School, Member of the Choir, Victory Girls' Club, Rooters' Club, War Savings Society.

LUCY HELEN AGEE

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Member of the Rooters' Club, War Savings Society, Victory Girls' Club, Choir.





HELEN LULA HENLEY

"Runt"

*"Talking she knew not what nor
cared not why."*

Member of the Rooters' Club,
Choir-leader, Class Fun-Maker,
Member of the Charles D. Mc-
Iver Literary Society, Victory
Girls' Club, War Savings So-
ciety.

MARGARET JEAN RODDICK

"Jeannups"

*"Where the fairest maids were,
the fairest was bonny Jean."*

Treasurer of Charles D. McIver
Literary Society, Member of the
Athletic Association, Rooters'
Club, Victory Girls' Club, War-
Savings Society, Choir.





AGATHA MCCORKLE

*"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens
are."*

Cheer Leader for Rooters' Club,
Fun-Maker for Black and Gold,
Chairman of Program Committee
for Charles D. McIver Literary
Society, Member of the
Athletic Association, Victory
Girls' Club, War Savings Society
Choir.

D. CLYDE CRUTCHFIELD, JR.

"Squeak"

*"His valor and his generous mind
Prove him superior of his kind."*

Member of Athletic Association.





WILLIAM C. CAMPBELL

"Bill"

"Take the cash and let the credit go."

MAURICE S. EMMART

"Hunk"

*"I was not born for courts or
great affairs,
But to pay my debts, believe and
say my prayers."*

Member of Athletic Association
Basket Ball Team, Calvin H.
Wiley Literary Society.





JAMES W. PIATT

- "Jim"

*"Of manners gentle, of affections
mild."*

F. EARL BEAUDRY

"February"

*"By nature honest, by experience
wise."*



RALPH E. SPAUGH

"Spach"

"I know the gentleman to be of worth, and worthy of estimation."

Member of Program Committee of Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Athletic Association, Editor-in-Chief of Black and Gold, Statistician for Senior Black and Gold.

WILLIAM F. MEDEARIS

"Buck"

*"And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give
place."*

President of Class, Chairman of Program Committee of the Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Associate Editor of Black and Gold, Member of Football Team, Member of Athletic Association, Member of Victory Boys, Vice-President of Hi-Y Club.



H. ASBURY VAUGHN

"As"

*"And the ladies, strange to say,
Pester him both night and day."*

Member of Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Member Football Team, Member of Athletic Association; Funmaker for Black and Gold, Member of Victory Boys, Member of Hi-Y Club.



HOY HOLSHOUSER

*"And I would that my tongue
could utter,
The thoughts that arise within
me."*

Member of Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Member of Victory Boys, Member of Hi-Y Club.



BRUCE ELLIS

"Brutus"

*"Deeper, deeper, let us toil,
In the mines of knowledge."*

Member of Program Committee
of Calvin H. Wiley Literary
Society, Treasurer of Class,
Member of Victory Boys.

HOWARD REYNOLDS

"Dick"

*"None but himself can be his
parallel."*

Member of Athletic Association,
Member of Victory Boys, Statis-



How We Felt

The morn dawned bright and sunny
On our graduation day,
We hustled through our breakfast
To pack our books away.
We laughed away the morning
Till the hour of noon approached,
It made us feel as grand
As Cinderella in her coach.

The afternoon dragged slowly
In contrast to our hearts,
In the height of rare excitement,
We sang like happy larks.
The clock chimed one, two and three—
How long the hours seemed;
The sun was still o'erhead,
But how our faces beamed.

Hark, the clock again was striking,
This time 'twas four, then five—
The hour of eight was coming;
Look out, 'twas almost nigh.
We hurried to our festive rooms
To get our "quitting" frocks;
We powdered shining noses,
And curled our straggling locks.

The boys were primping, too,
As the fatal hour approached.
Their ties just would not tie,
And their hair just would not roach.
They felt stiff and ill at ease
In their suits of new broadcloth,
And their patent leather shoes
Seemed to squeak whene'er they walked.

We reached the opera house
An hour too soon, I'm afraid,
But then it's only once
That Seniors graduate.
Not a sound was heard—so still,
Our hearts too full to speak
As we thought on leaving High School,
And of new friends we would meet.

With shining eyes we listened
To the speeches that were made,
And behold, our white diplomas
Seemed to sparkle where they lay.
On that night we had the thrill
Of leaving "old" to seek the "new";
And the joy will live forever
Though we said, "Farewell, to you".

ALVA GOSWICK.

Class History of 1919



OUR years ago the class of '19 entered High School with no realization of the wonderful events that were to transpire within the short period of High School life. Surely our class has lived through the greatest time the world has ever witnessed. So of course our school history has been affected by the changes these years have wrought. If the happenings of past classes have filled pages, surely ours through these eventful years would fill volumes. However, I shall endeavor to relate only a few of the facts of our class life.

When in September 1915, we started out, our eighth grade was divided into four sections, due to the enrollment of one hundred and fifty boys and girls. The next year the four classes were combined into three ninths, and by the time we had reached our Junior year, our class had become small enough to place in two divisions, the boys' tenth, and the girls'. It was here that we tenth grade girls made ourselves famous by writing our "Liberty Play", under the supervision of our English teacher, and presenting it in chapel; it was here that one of our members, Alva Goswick, won the High School medal for giving the best four-minute speech on the War Savings Stamps; and Leah Willis and Mildred Beck the prizes for writing the best papers on, "Why We Should Buy War Savings Stamps." All our girls were active, too, in the local War Savings Society, and turned many a moving picture, chewing gum quarter into a loyal Thrift Stamp. Nor were the tenth boys one bit less patriotic than the girls, though in a different way. They loyally supported the school War Savings Society with 100 per cent membership, and bought with their hard earned savings a Baby Bond. Three of them, Harry Maddrey, Emmanuel Glenn, and Frank Dalton, enlisted in the service, and have actually seen oversea service.

Of these we feel especially proud that our class should have contributed to that long line of khaki that stemmed the tide of the Hun. And as love follows war, three of our girls, Mary Boone Neely, Mary Southern, and Evelyn Messick, became war brides. The class shared with Evelyn her great sorrow, when her husband was killed on the fields of France.

Of the fifty that are in the Senior class now, twenty-three of us started out in the first grades together, sixteen girls and seven boys. One of our classmates, Mozelle Culler, has been with us only this year. Mozelle came from Texas and she speaks well for

Texas schools. Another of our classmates, Dorothy Clark, after spending two years in Florida, came back to graduate with us.

Last year we hoped that our class would send out more graduates than any class ever had, but owing to war conditions, and for other reasons, we lost a number. Fay Blair and Mamie Hegwood left us to take positions in the commercial world, while Charles Clinard and Mack Misenhiemer decided they would try boarding school. A number of our boys, Robert and Ralph Marler, William Shepherd, Metane Turner and John Dodson, answered the call to prepare themselves for service by entering State College V. A. T. C.

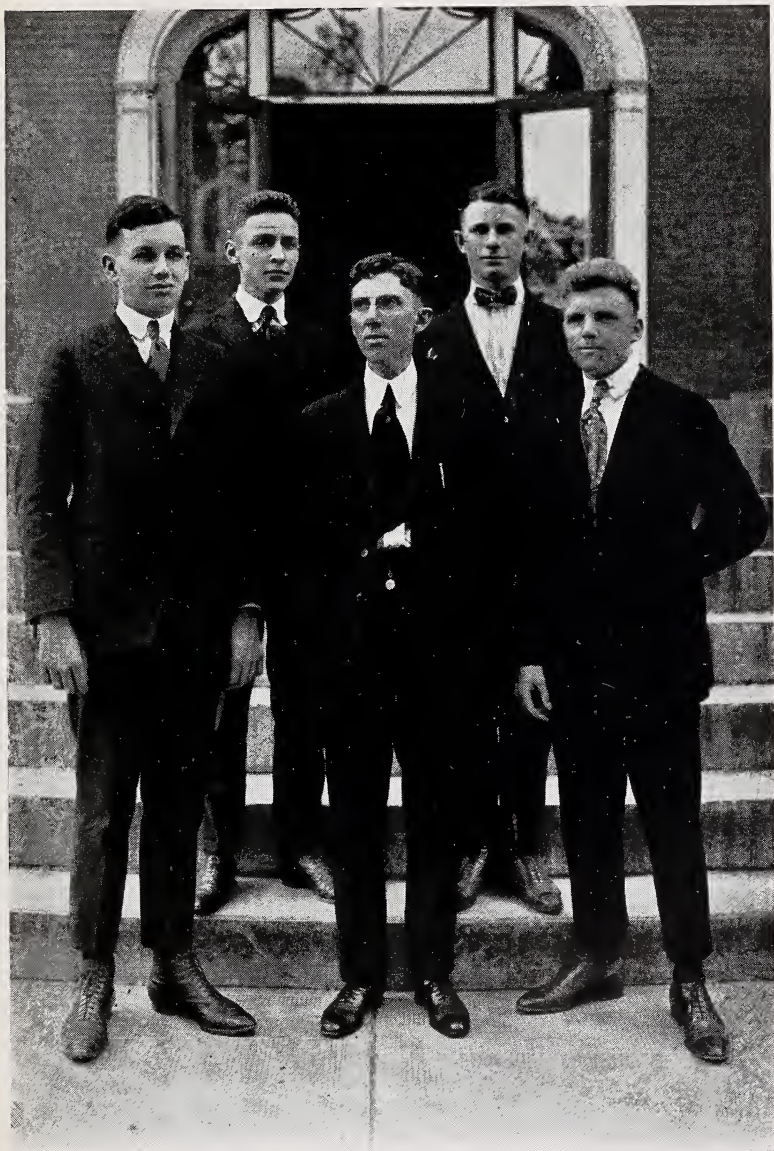
Since our entrance into High School, many improvements have been made. First, we have a well equipped Domestic Science Department, of which we are very proud. Second, we have one of the most up-to-date laboratories in the State. And our boys are being better equipped for life by the instruction in manual training, mechanical drawing, and printing.

We have made much progress this year, although we have been twice interrupted on account of influenza. The whole school has shown the proper school spirit, by co-operating with the faculty, both in hard studying and in making up lost time by attending school on Saturdays and one week in June.

And now, as we leave old Winston-Salem High School we are carrying with us happy memories of our four years here, lofty ideals—the harvest—of our student days.

LILLIAN VIRGINIA WALL.





DEBATING TEAM—1919

Our Class Twenty Years from Now



WILIGHT had faded. I sat alone thinking of the days that were no more—the old High School days. What had become of the boys and girls of the Class of '19? I had moved away so soon after graduating that I had lost all trace of them. Suddenly I was aroused by the maid. "M. B. Moser, Attorney-at-Law", I read on the card she brought me. I hurried down to the library, expecting to see a strange man but instead there stood my old school chum, Mattie Bell Moser.

"You a lawyer, Mattie!?" I exclaimed. "Why you used to hate the very word—law!"

"Yes, but I'm quite an expert now!" she answered.

"Where are you living now?" I asked, excusing myself as being a regular question box.

"Oh, I'm still in Winston-Salem; I'm just here on a business trip and thought I'd look you up. I'm going home tomorrow morning; get ready and go with me, won't you?"

"How sudden! But it would be great fun to see the old place once more! Sure I'll go. What time are you leaving?"

"At 8:30 a. m. and now I must go. Good night," and she was gone.

A thrill of excitement swept over me! Going back to Winston-Salem—I could hardly wait!

We traveled two long days and I was rather relieved when we changed cars at Greensboro and started for dear old Winston-Salem.

"Tickets, please," cried a strangely familiar voice.

"Why, hello, Willie Campbell!" I cried. "Glad to see you, captain!"

"Uh-ah-well, Ruth Houchins," he managed to stammer. "Haven't seen you for twenty years. Where did you come from?"

"Kalamazoo. Still living in W.-S., Willie?"

"No, my home is in Greensboro. See you later."

As we drew near Kernersville, Lawyer Moser pointed out a magnificent country home. "That's where May Miller lives," she explained. "She married a Mr. Voss or Mr. Boss (more than likely the latter) and lives in great style."

Just then the train stopped for Kernersville and a tall, distinguished blond passed by my window.

"That's Thelma Pleasant, as sure as I live and she hasn't changed a particle! Hello, Thelma," I cried, "What are you doing in the metropolis of Kernersville?"

"Oh, I'm matron of the Old Bachelors' Home," she answered, as she greeted me. "You know since Pauline Weisner has become

General Manager of the Suffragette Party, she has had the women voters of the State to pass a law that all men over forty, who are unmarried, shall live in a Bachelor Home and give all their surplus income to the support of maiden ladies!"

"My, old North Carolina is moving along!" I was so engrossed in my thoughts that before I knew it we were in Winston-Salem in the Grand Central Station.

"This is the site of the Old High School," Mattie said, as she hurried me to the Travelers' Aid booth that I might use the telephone.

The Travelers' Aid Secretary looked strangely familiar, but I had to study a moment before I could place her.

"Mary Cook!" I exclaimed.

"Well, for goodness' sakes, Ruth Houchins, what are you doing in this part of the country?" She was as surprised as myself. We chatted until the lawyer said it was almost time for supper.

"I'm not used to so many surprises"—I apologized as we boarded a car for the new suburb on the Yadkin—where Mattie lived.

"Where's Malona Jordan?" I asked suddenly, as I heard a woman address a little child as "Malona". The name was unusual—I had never heard of but one Malona.

"Oh, Malona is quite popular as an osteopath. She has the reputation of being able to cure anything, from a pain in the finger to a broken heart! She has more name sakes in the city than anyone, unless it is Reverend Howard Reynolds!"

"Reverend Howard!" I cried. "Howard a preacher! Wonders will never cease. But aren't you teasing? Really he used to like arguing so much that I thought he would be a lawyer, but a preacher! Never!"

"You remember Clyde Crutchfield, Ruth? Well, he has become almost as popular with the ladies as Howard. He runs a Day Nursery for tired mothers. For a penny a second he amuses children while their mothers play whist or go to the movies. I hear he has to keep a private secretary, Mary Holland, to count the pennies while he keeps up with the tiny tots!"

Just then we reached our destination and as we entered Mattie's apartment, she laughingly said, "You mustn't have too critical eyes, for Lucile and I, like most literary women, are not model housekeepers."

"So you and Lucile Perry live together?"

"Yes, we keep bachelor hall; Lucile writes poetry and I read law."

"Lucile—a poet? Tell me about her."

"She has already won fame as the author of the 'Potato Masher',

'A Book of Sonnets', and is now at work on her masterpiece, 'Rag-time Sue'.

"Where is Helen Agee?" I asked.

"Helen is a prima dona and is now touring France and England. She was here two years ago and sang at the Memorial Hall."

"Did she ever marry Roy?"

"Yes, but they were divorced. I was Helen's lawyer. I hear that she has a great many suitors and it is rumored that she is about to marry an English Lord."

"Poor Helen", I managed to say. "Her life has certainly been romantic."

"Now, where is Nell Clingman?"

"She was studying in Paris to be a nurse and fell in love with the president of a big railroad company and they are married. They sailed last week for America. I had a letter from Nell a few days ago and she is now Mrs. Goley."

"Isn't that interesting!" I exclaimed. "Now tell me of Eunice Grubbs. I'll bet I can guess about her, though."

"You'd never be able to," replied Mattie, "for she is principal of the High School at Hanestown. She taught at Kernersville a while but when she was offered the place at Hanestown she took it. She seemed to be enjoying life fine when I was out a few months ago."

"The very idea of Eunice being a teacher. I thought surely she would be married by now."

"Where is Dorothy Clark and what is she doing?" I asked.

"I'm sure", replied the lawyer, "that you have heard of the great actress 'Marion Borae,' haven't you? Well, that is our Dorothy."

"Indeed! I have heard of her, but I didn't know that it was Dorothy."

"You remember Earl Beaudry, Ruth? Well, he is about to present the world with an airship that can travel from earth to Mars. He's a 'second Edison' and is the talk of the South. He is living in New Orleans and he certainly figures high in the Winston-Salem papers."

"Good for Earl! Now tell me, Mattie, about the others in our class."

"Well, there is Wynona Hilton, who has succeeded Miss Dobson as head of the Commercial Department. Edith Howard has inherited an enormous fortune from her uncle and is now sight seeing in Honolulu. And Lillian Needham is a missionary in Africa. And what do you think of Jean Roddick being the leader of the State Suffragette party? Then there's Lillian Wall. You'd never think it but she's married and she and Cecil are now working on

a History of the World War. I guess it will be completed in a few years. Oh! I believe I left out Maurice Emmart—I should not, because he is a distinguished flyer, and his next trip will be to fly from New York to Liverpool."

"Does it seem possible that the members of our class should be so widely separated?" I asked.

"No, but Ruth, I think you are the only one that has played the 'Prodigal Son'. You see all the others have been back during the last twenty years."

"Yes, I guess you are right, and in the future I'm going to keep in touch with you all, if such a thing be possible."

The soft wind of that June night seemed to waft back memories that had been buried in my heart so long and I felt like a school girl once more in the midst of a circle of loving friends.

Dreams are fair and beautiful, as long as they last, but when they fade you are left as though you were on a barren desert. So I felt when the dream of the class of 1919 faded.

RUTH HOUCHINS.

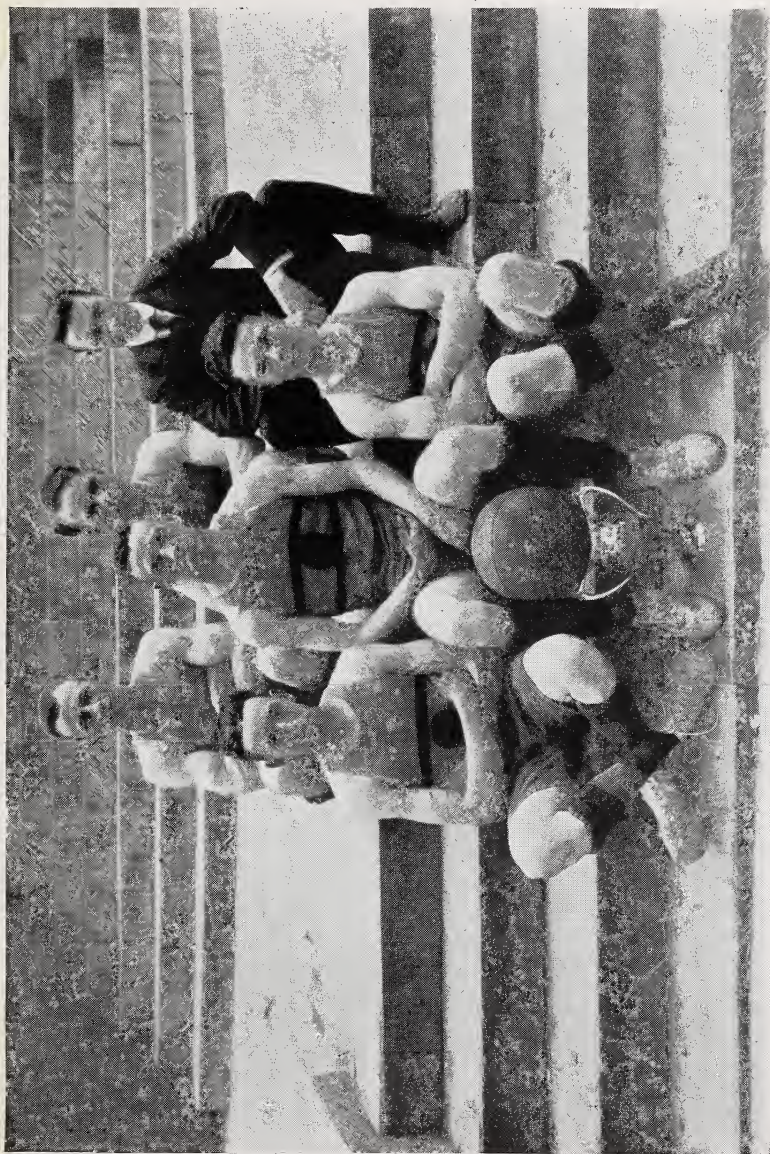
June

Blooming roses everywhere,
Sweet perfumes in all the air;
Oriole and gay bob-white,
Wierd call of owls at night,
Make you love the month of June
And holidays that end too soon.

A lamb out in a daisy field,
A grove of trees a brook to shield.
Above the clouds roll lazily on
To lands of rainbow, flowers and song.
Dancing children in a ring,—
These, Oh June, are what you bring.

A barefoot boy with rod in hand
Swinging down the path of sand;
A merry whistle from childish mouth,
He dreams of cat-fish, speckled trout.
A yellow dog close on his heel
Wags his tail,—Oh, June, you're real.

ALVA GOSWICK.



STATE CHAMPIONS—1919

A Peep Into the Future

"Trouble, double trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

A shrivelled wizened woman was stirring the pot.

"Fortune, lady!" she cried.

I laid a dime in her bony palm.

"Why, Ishnee Rodiger!" I cried, "What in the world!"

"Nell Clingman!" she recognized me at once. "Come," she said in her best professional manner, "Let me show you your future!" She began stirring the pot, muttering and motioning mysteriously.

"If you can foretell the future," I returned, entering into the fun of the thing, "tell me about my classmates."

"Belittle not the powers of my art!" she warned. "You shall see for yourself."

I tried to draw back but drawn nearer by some mysterious power, I gazed into the seething pot.

As if by magic there came forth the clear picture of a school room, filled with deaf and dumb children. The door opened and Helen Henley, the teacher, entered.

Then slowly the scene changed. The dingy school room became a brilliant ball room. The dancing master, leading the young rich of the town in "tripping the light fantastic toe," I recognized as—Hoy Holchouser. But before the color had faded from Hoy's cheek, the scene changed—this time to a spacious church. The minister, Asbury Vaughn, stood before the altar and a wedding procession entered, the bride, Emma Moore, looking very beautiful as she walked up the aisle on the arm of the proud groom, an admiral, as I saw from his uniform,—Erma's dearest dream had come true!

Then scene after scene flashed before me—Ruth Houchens ascended the steps of her magnificent Fifth Avenue home attended by her husband, H. A.; Marvis Burchette in the jungles of Africa revealing the mysteries of phonetics to adoring young Africans; Mildred Beck doing a complicated experiment in her lonely laboratory; William Medearis at work on his masterpiece; Mozelle Culler, in the latest cow-girl style galloping across the plain to meet "her ranchman"—the one we used to hear her talking about so much in our school days; Leah Willis, laying to rest her sixth husband; Bruce Ellis diligently working on his up-to-date farm. Then I beheld Gladys Pfaff, delivering her famous address on "How to Train Husbands"; Nellie Sharp, toiling at her editor's desk. Alsa Goswick I saw—a diver—standing ready for the signal to dive

into the bottom of the ocean. Then the ocean scene changed into an assembly hall, crowded with excited women, in truth a characteristic woman suffrage meeting. The fluent speaker I perceived was Elizabeth Reed. But suddenly the flow of eloquence was stopped. A deathly paleness overspread the orator's face. With a shriek, she sprang upon a chair. An innocent mouse had run across the floor.

In the confusion the scene changed and the next thing I saw was Cherry street, Winston-Salem, brilliantly lighted, spotlessly clean, thronged with shouting multitudes hailing the deliverers from dirt and darkness,—Ruby Sapp, the mayor, and Dr. Bernice White, the efficient health officer. I recognized in the automobile beside the town officials the Honorable Viola Still, senator from the Old North State, and her hostess, Katherine Montgomery, the well-known writer, who by her gifted pen had aroused the townspeople to a sense of their needs in municipal sanitation. James Piatt, the movie actor, who within the last fifteen years had made such a name for himself by his vivid portrayal of farm life scenes, I spotted as one of the thronging spectators, and Agatha McCorkle, the prima donna, who had won fame in her entertainments for the kings of Europe.

Suddenly I heard a whizzing sound. I closed my eyes and when I opened them the enchanted pot, witch, and all the charms had disappeared and in their place stood Ralph Spaugh, smiling up from his torn parachute.

NELL CLINGMAN.



The Black and Gold

Published by the Senior Class of the
Winston-Salem City High School

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NELLIE SHARP ----- *Associate Editor-in-Chief*

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JOHN DAYE, '21
MARGARET DURHAM, '21

Editorial

A WORD CONCERNING THE BLACK AND GOLD


During the first few months of this term the question of having THE BLACK AND GOLD this year was discussed from every point. Practically everyone wanted the magazine but the price which was first quoted was entirely out of the question. Then it was suggested that a special number of *The Winston-Salem News*, with pictures of the graduating class, be published. When it was discovered that our first figures were incorrect and that it would cost as much to publish *The News* as it would to publish a Senior number of THE BLACK AND GOLD, it was decided to do the latter and sell the magazine at a nominal price, just sufficient to cover the cost of the printing. The balance of the cost was to be borne by the Senior Class.

As the cost of printing is so high and the rate of advertising for only one issue so low, it was considered best not to attempt advertising. This has cut down the size of the magazine somewhat, but what is left is all good reading matter.

The whole school has been laboring under difficulties this year, and it is only through the untiring efforts of Mr. White and Miss Mary Wiley that we are able to publish a BLACK AND GOLD this year at all.

R. E. SPAUGH.

Graduation Thoughts

LREADY many of us are eagerly looking forward to the close of this school term, for we know that our minds shall be free from the thoughts of Algebra, Latin and English. We all enjoy our vacations, for to most of us it is a period of relaxation, a time when we do those things we have been longing to do through all the hard days of duty and school. But this vacation will be different to us of the Senior Class, for to many of us it means not merely the close of the year's work, but the end of our school life. And the joy which has always attended our thought of graduation is mingled with sorrow as we realize that we are leaving forever the school that has been the scene of our triumphs and our struggles through four long years.

If we, the class of 1919, had our High School years to go over we would greatly improve our records. Just recently have we realized how important it was that we should do only our best in everything. To the incoming students we, as good friends interested in your school life say, "Take our advice and do nothing but your best." We have discovered our mistakes too late to profit by them in High School; but we have learned that experience is a dear teacher and we have traveled over some rough roads because we did not make use of our opportunities. If you become discouraged, work that much harder, for the impressions that you receive in your school life are lasting impressions, and long after your school days are over they will linger in your memory.

NELLIE E. SHARPE.





CHAMPIONS WESTERN N. C.—1919

Class Will

We the Class of 1919, of the High School of the City of Winston-Salem, County of Forsyth and State of North Carolina, being of (supposedly) sound mind, wishing to dispose of some of our personal belongings, do herewith publish our last Will and Testament.

ITEM 1: I, Howard A. Reynolds, mindful of various needs of the hereinafter mentioned beneficiary, do hereby give, devise and bequeath my clerical powers, conceived and recognized only by the prophet of the Class of '19, to Forest Fulton, and hope that said powers may help him in his proposed study of the ministry, and secure for him at least one congregation.

ITEM 2: I, Dorothy Clark, do hereby will and bequeath my desk on the back row with its splendid view into the "Y. M. C. A." to Nancy Stockton.

ITEM 3: I, Asbury Vaughn, being of sound health and mind, do hereby will and bequeath to J. A. Vance, my knowledge of Math, knowing that he is in great need of such.

ITEM 4: I, Nell Clingman, being in a generous frame of mind, do hereby will and bequeath to my successor, the prophethess of 1920, the privilege of writing over the prophecy six or eight times. I sincerely hope that she, profiting by my example, may perpetuate the good work so that generations to come may enjoy the same privilege.

ITEM 5: We, Katharine Montgomery and Lillian Wall, do hereby bequeath to the "fortunate" Senior Cooking Class of next year, the great "honor" and "privilege" of scrubbing all the desks and boards twice a week, and washing up all the pots and pans that have chanced to accumulate during the week.

ITEM 6: I, Bernice White, will and bequeath my great ability to revise "Virgil" to Helen Murchison.

ITEM 7: I, Ruby Sapp, do hereby will and bequeath my ease and fluency in speaking, to Nettie Allen Thomas, hoping that she will use the same with great advantage to herself, in her Senior year.

ITEM 8: I, Ralph Spaugh, being in a benevolent frame of mind, do hereby will and bequeath my ability to translate Virgil, to Charles Siewers, believing him to be in need of it.

ITEM 9: I, Lillian Needham, being of a generous nature, do hereby will and bequeath to my beloved friend, Forrest Peddycord, my abundant supply of "freckles." She need not worry about depriving me of them, as I know where to get plenty more.

ITEM 10: I, Mozelle Culler, do hereby will and bequeath to Lois Moon, the art of using the hands to emphasize what she says and does.

ITEM 11: I, Gladys Pfaff, do hereby will and bequeath to Hollis Pfaff, my Virgil, realizing her love for the same.

ITEM 12: I, Nellie Sharpe, do hereby will and bequeath my honored desk in the Domestic Science class, from which I have received so many pleasant periods in scrubbing to Lydia Yingling, hoping that she will have as much and more pleasure in performing the enjoyable task than I.

ITEM 13: I, Leah Willis, do hereby will and bequeath to Nettie Allen Thomas my powerful voice and eloquence of expression, since she is in such need of both.

ITEM 14: I, Eunice Grubbs, do hereby will and bequeath to Ava Taylor Guyor my ability to translate Latin and to work Algebra.

ITEM 15: I, Mary Cook, do hereby will and bequeath my great height to Bernice Poindexter, hoping that by the time she becomes a Senior she will be as graceful as I am.

ITEM 16: I, Agatha McCorkle, do hereby will and bequeath my "Senior Dignity" to John Fries Blair, feeling that he is in need of same.

ITEM 17: I, Ruth Houchins, do hereby will and bequeath to Fritz Crute my beloved office as President of "Ignorance Row."

ITEM 18: I, Alva Goswick, do hereby will and bequeath to Lilly Mae Crotts my ability to "Holler."

ITEM 19: I, Hoy Holshouser, hereby will and bequeath to Fred Romig, my desk and all the contents thereof, knowing that such an act will meet his highest approval and at the same time save him needless expense.

ITEM 20: I, Mildred Beck, do hereby will and bequeath my "superfluous averdupois" to Pauline Turner, realizing that she is very much in need of it.

ITEM 21: I, Helen Henley, do hereby will and bequeath to Nettie Allen Thomas, some good, common sense.

ITEM 22: I, Marvis Burchette, do hereby will and bequeath my renowned ability to giggle to a most honored Junior, Sarah Stevenson.

ITEM 23: I, F. Earl Beaudry, do hereby will and bequeath to future Seniors of the Cherry Street High School, my "Graduating Brief."

ITEM 24: We, the Seniors of the High School, do hereby leave our good wishes to the entire school and faculty. Lastly, we do hereby appoint Miss Mary C. Wiley as our lawful executrix, to carry out this will in every respect. In witness whereof, we the said Senior Class, do hereunto set our hands and seals this 6th day of June, A. D., 1919.

SENIOR CLASS (Seal.)

Just for Fun

Wanted—To know what W. M. asked A. G. to make her answer, "I love you."

Wanted—To know what Nell C. means by asking each boy separately, if he wants to marry.

Why is Hoy like the sun at dawn?
Because he blushes rosy red when he rises.

Wanted—Some one to recommend a good flesh reducer. Any advice will be appreciated. Ishnee R.

Rolling upon a blanket placed on the floor is excellent. I speak from experience. A. M.

Wanted—Blue eyes, red hair and freckles. Lillian W.

Wonderful Discovery: After so many years we have another Virgil in the form of Bernice White. Woe unto the coming children that will have to study Latin. How thankful I am that I will soon finish.

Miss Mary to 11th Grade: Class, look this up in the Bible some day, between now and tomorrow.

Clarence B. to dignified Senior: "Hey, Buck, who pitches for the League of Nations?"

Helen—"Alva, what is your favorite characteristic?"
Alva—"Buck-some."

Ralph—"Asbury, what is your favorite flower?"
Asbury—" (R) Ambler."

Now handsome Ralph Spaugh, just listen my dears,
Is very bashful and shy;
When he speaks to a girl he says "Hello"
And then he says "Good-by".

Dear little Buck,
Now don't you cry,
You'll learn Latin
Bye—and—Bye.

Mr. Lee to Hoy H.—"Hoy, who's your girl?"
Hoy—"I don't know, I haven't found one good looking enough yet."

Wanted—A cat to catch Katherine's rat.

Wanted—To know why, when the window is raised, Viola is Still.

Why is Nellie like a razor? Because she is Sharp.

Wanted—Some curling irons for Jean Roddick.

Wanted—To get slim—any way except by dieting. Apply to A. M. today.

Found—Rats in Lucile's head!

If Mary Cook—ed Grubb (s) would Lillian Need-ham?

Is it Poe or Vaughan, who is Alva's favorite poet?

Miss Miller, "Why Goodness! If we knew the principles well enough to do them so accurately, there would be no use to study. If we knew them as well as four 5's are 20 and two 3's are 5—
But she was interrupted by laughter.

Wanted—To know how Hoy obtains his brilliant color and Bruce his curls.

Wanted—To know why Lucile left the Junior-Senior Reception so soon.

Wanted—To be cute. Mavis Burchette.

For Sale—One Henley Talking Machine. Seniors.

For Sale—One bunch of strings, slightly worn but guaranteed to get the girls. Asbury Vaughn.



